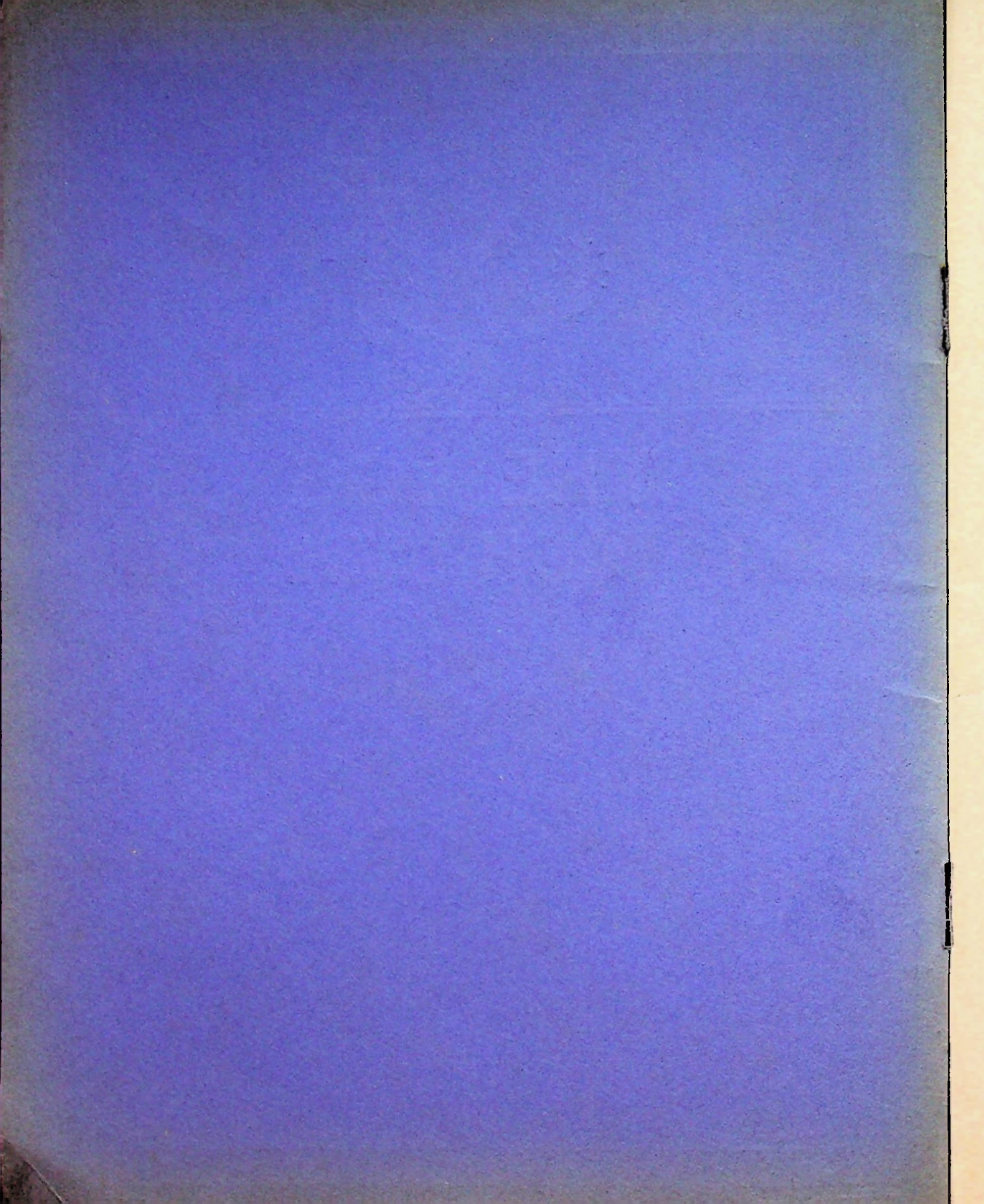


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THE LOG TOCH L.W.H.



THE LOG

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The Scientific Outlook

OF all the changes that have taken place in the civilised world during the last fifty years, perhaps the most striking has been the advance of both pure and applied science; and at the present time science is becoming of greater importance almost day by day. To one who is connected in any degree with scientific work, the reactions of ordinary people to this advance of science are intensely interesting. The notes that follow deal with some aspects of these reactions, as the present writer has observed them. In the first place, it is amusing to see how the idea of the scientist as a mysterious and remote being still prevails; too many people still take their idea of a scientist from sensational fiction—the piercing and inscrutable glance (or the absentmindedness), the mysterious midnight labours behind locked doors, the ruthless brushing aside of humane considerations—how well we know them! Alas for fiction! For the genuine article is a very ordinary kind of person, who may look like a grocer, a prize fighter, a bank clerk, or a doctor; only among the very old and distinguished do you see the flowing beard and abstracted air in these days. The average young scientist, either male or female, is indistinguishable from any other young professional person.

Another common misconception of the nature of science is that it is the first duty of the scientist to collect facts, and having collected his facts, to extract from them a "law of nature." The actual process of scientific inference is rather different; putting aside for a moment what is known as applied science, where the worker starts with a problem to be solved, the process in most

cases is of the following kind. The worker starts with an idea in his mind (called a hypothesis), which is suggested to him by some phenomenon he has observed; he then makes further observations to find out whether this hypothesis is true as it stands, or whether it needs to be altered. As a practical illustration (this illustration is not original) one may consider the sight of a man walking towards a railway station. If we observe the man's behaviour we may form the idea that he is going to the station to catch a train, or (in scientific language) our observations of the man are consistent with the hypothesis that he is going to catch a train (called for short the *Train Theory*). This *Train Theory* is evidently one possible way of explaining the man's behaviour; it is not, however, the only way; he may be going to the station to buy a paper at the bookstall, or register luggage, or have a row with the station-master, or for half a dozen other reasons. The *Train Theory* is rendered more probable, however, by the fact that there is a train to London due in five minutes, that the man buys a ticket to London and goes to the platform where the London train comes in; his behaviour up to this point is in agreement with the hypothesis that he has come to the station to catch a train. The hypothesis as to the cause of his behaviour is not proved, however, until he is seen actually to enter the train.

To continue the parable, a good many scientific theories are left at the point where the man is standing on the platform; that is, while there is nothing in the observed facts which contradicts the theory, and it is the best explanation available, yet it is not the only possible

one. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that a scientific theory is neither an immutable law nor an article of faith; it is just the explanation which fits the facts so far as they are known, and a fresh set of observations may not agree with the theory, which has to be altered accordingly. This nature of scientific theory seems to be extremely difficult for the ordinary person to understand; on the one hand he seems to expect the absolute truth about any subject to be discoverable at the first attempt, and hence exclaims that no trust can be put in the statements of any scientific man, since another man is sure to contradict them. On the other hand he seems to expect a scientific theory to have the moral implications of an article of religion; this is particularly true of theories which concern the human species, of which the Evolution Theory is the most outstanding example. Two amazing statements which occurred in recent letters to the papers show this outlook very clearly; one writer said that evolution would never have the same moral force as Christianity till someone was found to die for it; the other that the Darwinian Theory had never comforted the dying, and therefore (he implied) was valueless. Now, with due respect to the authors (who, incidentally, were both clerical gentlemen), these statements are nothing more nor less than nonsense. The Darwinian theory as it stands has no more moral implication than the multiplication table; it is simply the best available explanation of a very large number of observations.

But to return to our imaginary traveler; we may want to know whether he is going to enter the train out of pure curiosity, or we may be going to travel by the train ourselves in his company, and hence have an additional motive for wanting to know that he is safely on the train. In other words, scientific investigation is of two kinds; investigation for its own sake (known as pure science) and investigation with a definite, limited aim (known as applied science).

Applied science is the science of invention, and of the solving of definite prob-

lems—science with an obvious motive. It includes the greater part of medical and agricultural science on the one side, and the enormous mass of technical chemistry and physics on the other; the mathematics of statistics and engineering, the astronomy of navigation, the meteorology of air navigation, and a great deal more. The worker in applied science usually has a definite problem to solve by his work; he may set out to discover how to improve a dyestuff, or how to cure a particular disease by a drug, or prevent it by improved feeding or improved sanitation. He may want to find out how to overcome the ravages of a destructive insect, how to foretell the coming of storms on a particular air route, or whether a new kind of crop or breed of stock can profitably be grown in a certain country. In short, work in applied science sets out to answer the question "How can we use this?"

The value of applied science is apparent to the casual observer, but this is not the case with pure science. Pure science is the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake; its compelling motive is curiosity, and it sets out to answer the question "How does this work?" The majority of work in pure science is not easily comprehensible even to workers in other branches of science, and to the onlooker seems to have no purpose whatever (though he may find it intensely interesting when explained, as witness the recent popular excitement over the modern theories of astronomy and the constitution of matter). When Isaac Newton was asked what was the use of one of his discoveries, he replied with the question "What is the use of a baby?" Any addition to human knowledge, however small, may lead to consequences undreamt of by the discoverer. A little over a hundred years ago a man wrapped two coils of insulated wire round an iron ring, and sent an electric current through one coil; he found that an electric current was started in the other coil. This discovery does not sound very dramatic or important; but its centenary was celebrated last year with most impressive ceremonies; the man was the

great Michael Faraday, and on this particular discovery of his depends the whole of modern electrical engineering; without it we should have neither electric light nor electric power. Faraday's experiment, however, was not conducted on purpose to inaugurate electric power, but in order to find out what would happen when the current was switched on—it was an experiment in pure science. The fact is that pure science is the foundation on which applied science rests, and the two kinds of science merge into each other at certain points, where a discovery made for its own sake begins to find an application to the use of mankind. Apart altogether from the cultural value of pure science (which is too complicated a subject to be dealt with here), it has a value in that it leads to great material advances through its application.

The word *material*, as opposed to moral or spiritual, must be emphasised; for the most dangerous misconception of the nature of science, which hinders more people from the appreciation of the modern advance in knowledge than any other cause, is the attribution to scientific theories of a moral and even a spiritual significance which they do not possess. "The conflict between religion and science" is a phrase which obsessed the minds of all educated people in the latter part of the nineteenth century, and the obsession remains to this day in the minds of far too many people. Many honestly religious people are afraid of their faith being shaken by scientific knowledge, and their fear is augmented by the dogmatic materialism of a certain very vocal section of the scientific world.

In the present state of scientific knowledge it is difficult to see how certain moral and religious questions can ever be answered on scientific lines. Whether they will ever come to be so answered is another matter; for the present, at any rate, science and religion are working on different planes, science dealing with the material world, religion with values outside the material scheme. The points at which they come into conflict are not essential to either. It is an unfortunate

tendency of organised religion to associate material views with its spiritual beliefs. In mediaeval times it was almost an article of faith to believe that the earth was flat and the sun moved round it. The church of that time almost had Galileo burnt for denying it. Really it was none of their business; belief in a flat earth is not a necessary preliminary to belief in God.

In a milder way the Churches of to-day are in serious danger of taking the views of the material world which were prevalent at the end of last century, and exalting them into a part of their essential dogma. There is a certain type of mind, especially common in the Protestant churches, which attempts to reduce God to its own level—this type feel that God will not approve of anything they cannot themselves understand, and that to frame a plan of the universe beyond their comprehension is impiety. It is only the non-essential material superstitions which have grown up round religion which are in danger of being displaced by science. There is no valid reason why any addition to material knowledge should be destructive to spiritual faith. Indeed, to one who believes in God as the creator of the material universe, a deeper knowledge of His works may be the mainspring of a fuller belief in Him.

On the other hand, undue importance should not be given to the religious opinions of scientific men. They are not experts in matters spiritual, any more than a tennis champion is an expert on disarmament, and they should not be treated as experts. The common idea that the best men of science are of necessity agnostics is not founded on fact; they may be devoutly religious, as Pasteur was, or even inclined to religious fanaticism (as was Wallace, who formulated the Evolution Theory at the same time as Darwin). The religious beliefs that a man of science holds as a private individual should be his own concern, and the practice of scientific research need deprive no one of his belief in spiritual things.

J.M.

L.W.H. & Guiding

THIS year the Girl Guide Association keeps its twenty-first birthday, and to mark this anniversary in the life of a great kindred society, which has been "building the kingdom" for more than twice as long as we have in L.W.H., we are printing two articles about Guiding in this number of *The Log*. One is by Miss Warner, Assistant Commissioner for Kindred Societies in the Girl Guide Association, and the other by Marguerite de Beaumont, of the Cambridge Guides, and a probationer in the Cambridge L.W.H. group. We print these articles firstly because we like to have them, and are very grateful for them and for the loan of the charming pictures which illustrate them; and then because we hope and believe they will stimulate our interest

in Guiding and (in many cases) enlighten our ignorance about it; and also show how L.W.H. and Guides may and should co-operate, and what a vast, fruitful and practically unexplored field of service lies within the grasp of many (though not all) L.W.H. members. May Rosa Stewart's report on L.W.H. guiding activities, which follows, shows that although we have been affiliated to the Guides for some years, the number of our members who take up guiding as their "job" of service" is still very small. Are we in L.W.H. still too often content with the "odd job," which sometimes demands very little effort and sacrifice? Do we search out the real character-building jobs? Or must we believe that our members are not the stuff from which Guiders are made?

GUIDING & GIRL SCOUTING

LAST month (May, 1932) the British Girl Guides celebrated their 21st birthday. It was, in fact, the Coming of Age of the parent association of the Guides and Girl Scouts of the world.

Few other international organisations possess such a history of rapid growth, and of development from a national to an international Movement. Shortly after the year 1910, when the Chief Scout Lord Baden Powell published his first book, "Scouting for Boys," the idea of Guiding and Girl Scouting was taken

up in many countries far distant from England and from each other. The Movement started as early as 1911 in South Africa, Poland, Suomi-Finland, and Denmark, while, in 1912, Canada, the United States of America, Sweden, and Norway followed suit. Before the outbreak of the Great War in 1914 there was an embryo Guide or Girl Scout Association in many of the countries which possess one to-day. After the war countries which had just gained their independence, such as Czechoslovakia, Lithuania, Latvia, and Esthonia, founded their Guide or Girl Scout organisations. There are now branches of the movement in twenty-nine countries of the world, while in many others there are small groups of Guides which have not yet been developed into really national associations.

In some countries the Guide or Girl Scout association has a more official character than in others. This is particularly the case in the countries in which



Guiding and Scouting were quickly recognised as being excellent means of training the character of young citizens and of developing in them a sense of nationality.

But, although in such countries the Movement may have started with the particular aim of training and consolidating the youth of the nation, the Chief's ideal of the Scout and Guide spirit of international comradeship soon made its influence felt. It has steadily penetrated all sections of the Movement in all countries. During the last few years great meetings have taken place at which the desire for real friendship and understanding between the Guides and Scouts of the World has been repeated and emphasised. That it is no vague ideal has been proved by the results of these meetings. In the boys' movement the great Jamboree of 1929 brought the youth of 50 nations together. It ended with a complete triumph for Scouting as the "Common Denominator," by which boys and men can live and work together in friendliness and peace. This gathering of 50,000 Scouts from 46 different countries was unspoilt by one difference of opinion or quarrel between the leaders or the boys.

In the girls movement the international work has lately been strengthened by the formation of the World Association of Guides and Girl Scouts. Only those countries are admitted to membership in which there is a Guide (or Girl Scout) association run on national and non-party lines. In the countries in which two strong associations existed before the formation of the World Association, both associations are recognised. But as there is only one vote per country they must come together to decide how to use their vote at the biennial gatherings of the members of the World Association. Such a two-yearly conference will take place in Poland next August, when delegates from the 29 countries, members of the World Association, meet together at the 7th International Conference of Guide and Girl Scout leaders.

The international work has been still further strengthened by the gift of a

meeting place and international training centre. This is "Our Chalet" at Adelboden in Switzerland, which is to be received by the Chiefs on behalf of the World Association on July 31st. The chalet has been built for the association and will accomodate about 50 Guides at a time, when it is quite full. The first international Guide and Girl Scout training will take place there on September 5th, and last for ten days. As there are now over one million Guides and Girl Scouts in the world we hope that the chalet will often be the scene of amusing and friendly meetings.

Thus it will be seen that from the first small group of small girls dressed like their brothers the Scouts in khaki, and who announced at the first Boy Scout Jamboree in 1909 to the amazed Chief "We are the Girl Scouts,"—a great international association of Guides and Girl Scouts has grown up.

As one looked back in St. Paul's cathedral on Saturday, May 28th, and saw the 5,000 Guides who were merely representative of the thousands for whom there was no room, one could not but marvel at the rapid expansion of a great man's scheme. It came into the world with a message to youth of self-discipline, self-government, chivalry and friendliness. The rapid growth of the Movement surely proves that the development of these qualities was what youth needed and felt to be right. There are now in the active ranks of both movements more than three million young people in about forty-six different countries, in addition to the many thousands of children or young people who, at some time or other, have come under the influence of the Scout and Guide law and training and methods. This must give them to some extent a way of life in common. By the help of other organisations, and, perhaps, particularly by the help of such bodies as Toc H and its League of Women Helpers, leaders are still coming forward, and the leaders themselves increase the numbers of the adults who have undertaken Guide or Scout work as one way of carrying into the world Christ's law of Love and Service to all. S.J.W.

Aspects of Guiding

THIS is not a history of the Girl Guide Movement, it is a series of pictures of certain aspects of Guiding, and of various stages in its development; and as these pictures move in front of the mind's eye of the reader of these pages, they will, I hope, leave an impression of the steady growth of the Guide Movement ever since its early days. That growth which can be entirely attributed to the fact that Guiding has for its basis, idealism, which has been brought before every child, by those Three Promises which are made at the enrolment:—"I promise on my honour to do my best to do my duty to God and the King, to help other people at all times, and to obey the Guide Law."

Just over 21 years ago there were, in England, people who called themselves Girl Scouts. Ambulance, knotting, observation of birds and animals, cooking, etc., were all outdoor Scouting to them, and they seldom met indoors, even in the winter. It was always: "Let's go out scouting!" and that might mean anything, from finding a comrade with an imaginary broken leg, or following up the trail of an imaginary cattle stealer, who rode a lame horse and smoked a certain brand of cigarette, throwing away the ends at intervals. Another part of outdoor Scouting was running at Scout's pace, and arriving fresh and not out of breath.

Everything was always referred back to what the Chief Scout would have done in like circumstances. In fact, one of the most outstanding features of Scouting in the early days, was the enormous admiration we had for the Chief Scout, "the Wolf that never sleeps," and the desire to follow in his footsteps.

The Girl Guide Movement was gradually organised and started, and a small nucleus of enthusiasts, who had been Girl Scouts up to that time, became Girl Guides. There was a famous corps of men in India called "Guides," who were distinguished for their general resourcefulness under difficulties, and for their keenness and courage. The name Girl

Guides was taken for this reason, and to be a Guide has come to mean girls who are keen to help other people in practical ways, and to uphold the ideals of the movement. The Movement is such a large one now, that it would be quite impossible in a short article to give any adequate idea of all its activities. I wrote in a recent article in the L.W.H. Log about the International side of Guiding, and there are two other sides of our Movement which I would like to deal with now.

The first is the subject of progress from Brownie to Ranger, and then to becoming a Guider. The Chief constantly reminds us that to get into a rut and to become a person who is incapable of adapting herself to new circumstances, is a bad thing. From the very beginning, a Brownie is told what a tremendous thing it is going to be some day for her, when she becomes a Guide, that all that she does as a Brownie, is towards this end.

When she becomes a Guide, an enormous field of activity is open to her with the work for tests and all those thrilling and romantic things which go to make up the Company tradition. When she has been a Guide for sometime and is getting towards First Class, and is probably a Patrol Leader, she is made to realise the presence of her younger sisters who are coming up, and will one day take her place. Then she looks round, and finds that Guiding is not finished by any means, and that just as she is beginning to think about a profession, or work of some description, she is going to be given a chance to take the promise she made as a Guide into that wider world where her work or her profession may lie. To leave her Guide Company and go into Rangers is never easy, but if we follow in the footsteps of our Founder, and if we realize what a tremendous life of progress, and of never remaining at a standstill his has been, we shall be able to encourage those younger sisters, whom it is our privilege to lead; and we shall show them that new

spheres of activity are by no means alien from the activities that have gone before, but are made possible because of them. All Rangers do not become Guiders, and all Guides do not become Rangers, but the Scheme is the same, and the Guiding principle throughout is the Patrol System, which means the dividing of the Pack, or of the Company, into small groups with a leader whose job it is to mother and direct and encourage by her knowledge and love for her Patrol. Responsibility of this sort brings out all the best in human nature, and the invention of the Patrol System, and indeed of the whole of Scouting, was a stroke of genius on the part of our Founder.

The Chief Scout says:—"The term Scouting has come to mean a system of training in citizenship, through games for boys and girls. A game in which elder brothers (or sisters) can give their younger brothers (and sisters) healthy environment and encourage them to healthy activities such as will help them to develop citizenship."

The other side of Guiding that I want to mention in this article, is that referring to Woodcraft and outdoor Scouting.

In dealing with the subject of Woodcraft we have to go back rather a long way. By this I mean that Woodcraft existed in the very earliest times. The word Woodcraft originally meant "the craft of woods." The men of ancient times depended so entirely upon wood for their very existence, chiefly because it produced the one essential—fire. Their dwellings were small and inadequate, often nothing more than a shelter over their head, and to exist under these conditions without warmth was an impossibility. Fire became a thing to love and to worship, and they naturally came to know what woods produced the best fires, burning clearly and steadily and without much smoke. Later, when things had progressed considerably, woodcraft became a term used for anything to do with the out-of-doors or living in the woods. This living out-of-doors is indeed a very highly skilled craft, and it includes the most practical things closely associated with an appreciation of beauty and idealism.

Let us take the two sides of the picture. Firstly, it is impossible to enjoy observing and studying the nature world if we are uncomfortable. Cooking badly done out-of-doors leads to misery and indigestion. Resting after a long hike on the damp ground is a dangerous game to play. Wearing the right sort of shoes so that a nature ramble is not turned into a long walk with blistered feet at the end of the trail: sleeping under a covering, either tent or shelter, that will not blow down about our ears because we do not understand the way to make it secure against the elements: all the above, and many, many more things go to make up practical woodcraft and are in themselves tremendously important lessons to be learnt by all who wish to practise this wonderful craft.

Secondly, when we have learnt how to sleep, eat, walk, clothe ourselves, and know the feeling of bodily ease and contentment out-of-doors, we can turn our eyes to the beauties of nature and allow our hearts to appreciate it to the full. The Chief Scout says that "Woodcraft is the Key Activity of Scouting." This gives it no second place, but puts the subject in the very forefront of our Training. Woodcraft puts people into very close touch with the world out-of-doors. To arouse a love of beauty in any person is always a good thing, but when you combine it, as we do in the Scout Training, with the teaching that they should not only accept the beauty of Nature, but also give Thanks for it, you are at once shewing them their duty to God and putting into their hands a precious thing which may stand them in very good stead in after-life. Why has our Founder gone so far as to make this statement about Woodcraft? Perhaps we may say in all humility that what he meant was that an appreciation of the beauty of nature is a vision as well as a practical thing. The greatest vision that a man or woman can have is one that does not merely remain a vision, but becomes at the same time an inspiration for future work and endeavour. It is vital and essential at the present day owing to the tremendous rate at which we are living, that we should occasionally

stop and place ourselves in a surrounding where peace and contentment abides, a place where we may renew and refresh our spirits by contact with the beautiful things that can only be found in the world out-of-doors. In learning of them we shall gain that appreciation of beauty which is undoubtedly a help in the adventure of life. It is the purity and healing influence of contact with nature that is our heritage and ours to accept with both hands.

The above description of Woodcraft is an idealistic one, but we must place the first emphasis on the need for practical training in living out-of-doors. By the combination of this practical side with the ideal we shall keep that most essential thing in Woodcraft, a balanced outlook, and we shall not find ourselves working above the heads of those young people whom it is our privilege to lead. Let us, therefore, however busy we may be, find time to explore woodcraft on these balanced lines, and while so doing may we always remember that woodcraft is no small part of Scouting, but the Key Activity, because it can be made to include everything that takes us out-of-doors.

We, as Leaders, need to feel the simplicity and friendliness of Woodcraft. To learn of these two things let us live the life out-of-doors ourselves. There is simplicity in camping and hiking and friendliness when we realise that in the world out-of-doors there are no formal introductions. We do not have to wait, we can go straight into the world out-of-doors and feel at home. It is essential to remember that we need not be great naturalists with a wealth of technical detail behind us, we must just be in sympathy with the children we are endeavouring to lead, and sympathy is derived from the Greek, and means "to feel with." If we walk alongside them and are one with them in spirit we shall find that woodcraft becomes a thing which is all the more enjoyable because it is shared with many comrades.

May we love to be out when the trees stretch
their branches
Like tresses upon the soft forehead of night,



And we think in the silence of those in the cities,
For them we would capture this hour of delight.
We would give them the hour when the night-
ingale's rapture
Is filling the woods where the larches grow tall,
And the moon creeping softly above the hill's
shoulder
Will shine on some stream where the brown
otters call.
Then with weariness hid in this hour of content-
ment
The ones who must live in the cities shall turn
From their work, to the sound of the night-
ingale's rapture,
The call of the otters that play by the burn.

Finally, Guiding is a great game, but like all the greatest games, it must be played with the team spirit, and the team spirit of Guiding is comradeship and helpfulness to others under all circumstances. Guiding is giving to the girls of the present generation, and will continue to give in future generations, health of body and mind, and a spirit of cheerful service and devotion to duty.

In the 11th Chapter of Hebrews, and the 33rd. and 34th. verses we read:—
"Who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens," and I think there is a parable here for all Guides, if they, throughout their lives, will take those principles which they learnt in our sisterhood. Then shall they be made so strong, that they in their turn, will put to flight all things which are evil.

M. de B.

L.W.H. Guiding Report

THE census for 1931 has just been completed and the following report shows the position up to the end of February this year.

103 Members were Guiding before they joined L.W.H.

50 Members became Guiders since joining L.W.H.

11 Members are doing various work in connection with the Guiders by being members of local associations; examiners for badges; training guides in specialised subjects and helping generally.

(There must be considerably more who come under this heading and who have not been entered on the Census Form—last year there were 25).

21 Rangers also are Members of L.W.H.

TOTAL: 185 Members doing Guide work of some description.

There are 86 branches and groups who have at least one member helping in some way with Guiding.

There are only 100 members, out of a possible 153, who are registered as L.W.H. Guiders and are entitled to wear the L.W.H. Lamp Badge on their uniforms.

I know guiding is a very small part of the work which falls to L.W.H., but not only are L.W.H. members giving time to Guiding, but many Guiders who have been Guiding for years are finding time to do L.W.H. work. The contribution on both sides is very considerable.

I should like to thank all those who have in any way helped Guiding during the year.

In closing this report, I should like to mention that this year is the twenty-first Anniversary of the Guide Movement and Sunday, 29th May, is being observed all over the country as a day of Thanksgiving.

M. R. STEWART,

April 14, 1932

*Hon. Secretary for
Guiding Activities within L.W.H.*

The above Census does not appear to be complete, as I feel sure there are many more Members who are helping in all kinds of ways with

Guiding, who have not been entered on the Guiding Census forms. The numbers are considerably lower according to the Census this year than they were in 1929, when they were at their highest, viz., 228.

In 1930 there were 25 L.W.H. Members doing various jobs such as being Members of Local Associations; Examiners for Badges; Training Guides in specialised subjects and helping Invalid Guides. This year the Census only shows 11.

I would like to mention particularly the Invalid Guides, or Post Guides, as they are officially known. These are Guides who are crippled, or are Guides who for some reason or other cannot attend an ordinary Guide Meeting. Their actual Guide work is done through the "Post." They often want to learn Handicrafts such as Basket-Work, Fancy and Plain Needlework, Embroidery, Painting, Toy-making, etc., etc. There must be many L.W.H. Members who could sponsor one of these Guides and help to make their lives fuller. Being taught some kind of handicraft often helps a Post Guide to earn a little money, as well as being a means of occupying many a lonely hour. There are also many other ways in which these Guides can be helped. A postcard or a call to the Guide Commissioner in your district, I have no doubt, would be much appreciated.

I would suggest that all Branches and Groups add the following books to their libraries:—

"Girl Guide Annual Report"—Price 6d.

"Rules, Policy and Organisation"—Price 10d.

"The Council Fire"—Price 4½d. or 1/6 per annum.

"The Story of the Girl Guides," (A History of the Movement) by Rose Kerr.—Price 3/6.

"The Story of the Girl Guides" has only been published a few months, and tells the story of Guiding from its first days and is well worth reading.

(All these books can be obtained from Girl Guide Imperial Headquarters, 17 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.)

I find there are still some Guiders in L. W. H. who have not yet linked up by registering as an L. W. H. Member doing Guide work. I should be very glad if Secretaries will see that their Guiding Members get a copy of the Guiding Pamphlet (Price 2d. from L.W.H.H.Q.) and fill in the form at the back and send to me. Until this form is filled up, Guiders are not entitled to wear their Lamp Badge on their Guiders uniform.

M. R. S.

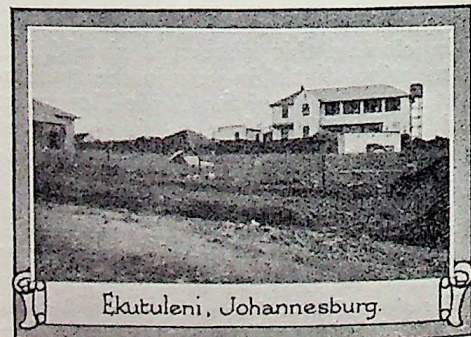
Ekutuleni---The House of Peacemaking

For several years the Sunday morning worshiper at All Hallows has heard the familiar bidding to pray for the Toc H Padres working overseas and "for Dorothy Maud and her work in Johannesburg." And each year from our Festival Communion we send her an offering to help on the work financially. In 1925, at one of our first big general L.W.H. meetings, held that year in the Garden Room of Aubrey House through the kindness of Miss Alexander, Dorothy Maud,

then just become a member of the L.W.H., and on the point of going out to Johannesburg for the first time, spoke to us in a way which none of us have ever forgotten, of the work she was going out to do, and most of all, of her dream house, a kind of "New Junc," which she hoped to build there. Since then Members in London have had the joy of hearing her again, and now we have from her pen an account of some part at least of her dream come true.

EKUTULENI wants to thank L.W.H. for the faithful and generous help given to her. Perhaps there are many who may read the "Log" who have never heard of this strange-sounding place, and this is not wonderful; for Ekutuleni is a very small venture in peacemaking, and she stands on a very small hill in the middle of a very great number of town-natives in a suburb of Johannesburg. Africa with her vast spaces, her picturesque natives, her strange customs holds much romance and mystery, but little of such romance gilds the task of those who work in the native slums of her large cities. They only know the more stimulating romance of a ceaseless quest to find the right ideas and the right methods with which to help the rising generation of the new Africa which is being born amidst the tumult of industrialism and commercial development. Right ideas rather than laws or treaties are the foundation of a great people, and what are the right ideas for the new African? Some may say: "The native doesn't have ideas—he only wants to sit in the sun before his kraal and count his cattle." Yet to-day thousands of natives are drawn from the country of kraal and cattle to the towns because they must have money to pay their taxes, and this can be found best in the towns. So they come, round-eyed and wondering, and find themselves immersed in the din and glitter of a rushing modern city. Every new sight and sound means a new idea, and as they

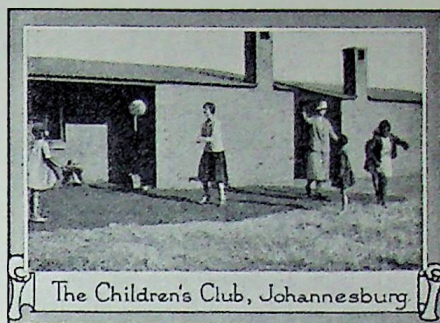
settle in the towns their minds become educated whether they will or no, and they begin to desire many new things. Man is essentially imitative, and if there is no guide to selection he will copy many bad ideas as well as good ones. Thus to-day in native town suburbs a Sunday afternoon walk will shew native girls, in new satin dresses flowing to the ground in the latest of fashions, flocking into native dance-halls to fox-trot to the latest tunes, while their brothers gamble as they have seen white boys doing, and the men go to buy the new spirits which white men drink. Others will be congregating round a native agitator, preaching the gospel of native independence, and shewing from the laws passed by white men what cause for bitterness the African may have. These things may be seen any Sunday afternoon in Sophiatown, which is the native suburb of Johannesburg, where stands Ekutuleni; but other things may also be seen.



Ekutuleni, Johannesburg.

High on the hill is the House of Peacemaking, with a School for 1,200 native children on one side, a small Hospital on another, a Church, a Clubroom and several playgrounds, and each one of those stands for an idea which she would give to the new Africans who live about her. If bad ideas can be copied, so also may good ones; and Christ's ideas can make of Africa a great steady force for good instead of a menace or a burden. If Africa can learn to give rather than to grab; to serve rather than to agitate; to co-operate in finding the good rather than to rebel, there is hope not only for her, but for the world. But how can these great ideals be made practical?

Ekutuleni has this ideal, but her efforts towards it are young and tentative. The Church and the School stand to feed the growing mind of Africa with Christ's mind, and to strive to give the education which will help the bewildered native to choose the good and reject the bad. The playgrounds and Clubroom exist to give scope for healthy recreation to all sorts and conditions of boys and girls, men and women, who live around. The main work is with the children, and there are five different clubs for various ages of boys and girls, where happiness joins hands with discipline in games, singing, dancing, and every sort of handicraft, to give interests for leisure, and to give scope for development of the many sides of a virile people. Classes are given in Gymnasium, Country Dancing, Child Welfare, First Aid, Cooking, Dressmaking, etc.; and outside in the playgrounds the young are ever free to work off superfluous energy with footballs, racquets, or hockey sticks. Ekutuleni is proud also of her eight Detachments of Wayfarers and Sunbeams (the nearest equivalent to Guides and Brownies that is possible for the native girl of the Union). Here steady training is given to potential leaders amongst the girls in the shouldering of responsibility and the joy of caring for their own people. There have been



The Children's Club, Johannesburg

Camps for Wayfarers and their leaders, which have given great joy and made for solid progress. The Hospital gives ceaseless care to the suffering among native women and children, and continually overflows its tiny ward, standing as a witness to the truth of the love of Christ, the Lord of all good life.

So there are are sights to cheer as well as to sadden round Ekutuleni, but only those who know the constant disappointments can realise fully the great need of those who work there. They need money (and more than ever now when the Gold Standard makes £1 from England mean 14/6 in S. Africa). They thank L.W.H. most deeply for such faithful help; but more than money they need spiritual power, set free by prayer. When they stand in front of native women, talking seven different languages, and have to try and open their minds to the power of Christ, pray for them. When they meet complete failure in a girl they have taught and hoped great things for, pray for them. When they prepare their Sunday lessons for 500 African children knowing the great things that might come from a sound foundation in Christ, pray for them. And, most of all, as they live amongst this watchful Africa, striving to hold up those ideas which may make her great, pray for them, and pray for Africa, that out of chaos may come peace, and out of bitterness may flourish understanding.

D.R.M.



New June

EARLY this summer it was noticed that the old Public Ledger offices below New June showed signs of new life. Fresh paint and distemper appeared on all the walls: electricity sent piercing shafts of light where gas had formerly tainted the air and faintly enlightened the gloom; new machines of greater power than the old made the corner of Great Tower Street to quake more frequently and thundrously than of yore; old friends among the compositors were replaced by new and strange folk. Things were moving. Then came the blow—New June received notice to vacate the premises in order to make room for the Public Ledger's increased activities.

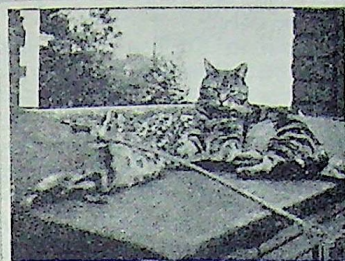
October 4th, 1924, was "the red-letter day upon which the L.W.H. moved from its stance of wind and window, view and babel of noise" (No. 7 Tower Hill, where was our first club-room) "to the eyrie among the chimney-pots at the top of No. 50 Great Tower Street. With the help of half-a-dozen scouts, eight guides of all dimensions, but mostly small, quite a dozen Toc Emmas and Jessie's two stalwart brothers, the carriage of our belongings down fifty steps, round the street corner and then up ninety steps, was completed before dark."

June 24th, 1932, was also a red-letter day, and a day of mixed feelings. There was real sorrow at leaving those familiar little rooms and dark passages, the roof with its unrivalled view and sweet garden memories, the club-room and the old office. Regretfully one climbed up and down the "ninety steps" for the last time, and sighed to think that never again would the lullaby of the printing press rock New June to sleep. But gladly and gratefully one entered the door of No. 28, only a few yards up the street, and there stowed away in the top-most rooms such bits of the New June furniture as could be persuaded to squeeze up the last narrow flight of stairs, all ready for the opening of the new home next

year. Through the generous help of Lady Forster, the freehold of No. 28 has been bought, and the whole house is leased by her to the L.W.H. The plan is to convert all, except the basement and ground floor, into the new New June. We shall not get possession for about a year, but then we shall go forward to the building on the more permanent foundation provided by a long lease and a sympathetic landlord, of all that New June should stand for in God's Name, towards our Movement and All Hallows.

There is not space to relate even some of the many happenings, both upon and under the roof of New June, which meant so much to many—the spontaneous fun and equally natural seriousness; the distinguished guests and crowded guest-nights; the happy dozens sleeping on improvised "beds" (?) for the great family reunions at All Hallows in the morning, or during the general strike, or at Festival times; the birthdays of New Juniors, celebrated by simple games of "Sardines" or Topsy Turvey Suppers in early days, and later by real dressed dances! There were Pancake and Parish Parties, the first Darby and Joan tea-party (for our club-room was for some years the only Parish Room of any size in the parish); the meals at Mission Times, the growing lunch club, visits from welcome overseas visitors, and from our Patroness, who once stirred our Christmas Pudding. And beneath all these small outward happenings there was seed growing secretly in many hearts and bearing the fruit of changed lives.

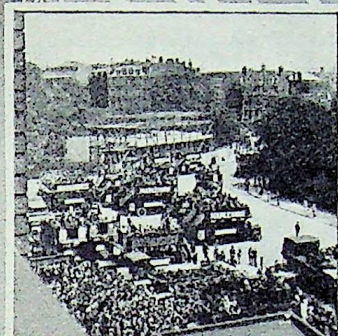
From the pages of the old Log Book we pick at random these consecutive extracts. They are concerning the sojourn of Donald Richard at New June. He arrived there at the age of ten days, completing the family circle as only a baby can, and immediately became the centre of all our world.



Sydney (born in New June, July 26th 1925)
in the "Jungle".



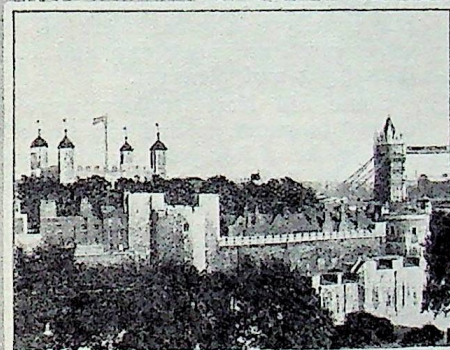
Looking up Gt. Tower Street
from the roof of New June.
All Hallows on the right...



A midday scene on Tower Hill, looking over Trinity Square.



Some of the Originals!..



The Tower and Tower Bridge



Unveiling the Sign, February, 1930

Sunday, June 12th. Arrival of "Don," under the care of Caesar; aged only 10 days, and fed on "Cowangate."

Sunday, June 19th. Donald Richard was baptised at All Hallows during Evensong. Two outstanding results: (1) the worried look of the godparents, premature old age, etc., creeping rapidly over them as a result of Padre Brochner's perfectly clear exposition on the duties of godparents. (2) the development of D.R.'s character. Matron says she can tell it in the difference of his voice—no longer the

pathetic little whimper, but a determined powerful yell.

Friday, June 24th.

Who says an English summer's bare
Of all that makes a summer fair?
To-day our city roof was gay—
And more—as a midsummer day.
The honied flowers caressed a bee;
A bird hopped round from tree to tree;
A fluttering butterfly did flaunt
His powdered wings in sunny haunt.
Last, but not least, in sweet repose,
The fairest flower, most perfect rose,
Wee Donald Richard's sunburnt nose!

The Reunion

THE noise reached to the Port of London building, and at the foot of New June stairs you could almost distinguish the "Do you remembers" and "It's years since I saw you." Once inside the club room you immediately added to the din, and your voice rose more and more as you found old friends, old E.C. members, and old New Juniors. It was the "Get-together" of the friends of New June. All those connected with the house had been invited to this last gathering in the old house, and about eighty were present.

After tea, sandwiches and a great deal of chatter, the company settled themselves down in the club room. Mac began, after Light, by reading the greetings received from Padre and Mrs. Cawley (Padre Cawley, by the way, is the only man to have stayed at New June for more than one night), Maggie Mackenzie, who did so much towards furnishing the house, Charlie Chaplin, Reekie, and Barbara, who long ago, finding that only men could be fed at this corner of Tower Hill, launched and helped to run the New June Lunch Club. She expressed her regret at not being able to leave her two sons; we would have been very pleased to have had with us both her and her sons. There were also telegrams from Pat Parker and Stella Sheldon. We were sorry too to miss Mrs. Handley, present chairman of the E.C. Branch, who was not well enough to be with us.

Mac then brought to our notice the absence of one member of the family known to us all—Sydney—the staunchest of New Juniors, and for many years the "man of the house!" We all missed him. An extract from the Log Book concerning his birth was read in his memory.

Three others of the first New Juniors whom we missed and had hoped to see were Reba Hind-Smith, Pillow and Len. News of our re-union had probably just reached the old New Juniors in Australia, and, no doubt, they too were thinking of the old days.

Mac then told us of the new New June—which is at the corner of Water Lane. The New June Lunch Club was moving temporarily to the basement of No. 7—we went there next day and found it both light and pleasant.

Some old New Juniors were called upon "to stand up and say something." Cliff spoke of her year as house-mother, and how "welcoming" she found New June. Bobs, one time warden, gave us a brief series of "Do you remembers," in the course of which she revealed some secrets of the New June organisation. Jessie Bennell stood up and made her bow. Caesar recalled how she brought the ten-days old baby to reside at New June. Mrs. Cope said how pleased she was to be with us. It was nice to see Copie. Miss Stevenson gave us the story of the marrow which, having been brought with much trouble from a Harold

Wood bazaar to New June, was given a face, and perched for several days on a window-sill before finally meeting its end in the shape of pickles. The present warden, Jack Dawe, stood up, but unfortunately having lost her voice, was unable to "say something." Wuff, another former warden, told us about her first guest night—here Mac interrupted to give us a description of Wuff's preparations for going to bed on the roof. They began before supper and included an umbrella. Daysey, another New June house-mother, expressed her pleasure at seeing the old familiar faces and recalled to our memory Bunny, Marjorie, Muriel and Dorothy Maud. Stockie was called upon to explain how she disgraced New June by having mumps there—and during a Festival week-end! Padre Tubby was the next to reminisce. He told us how he and his sister occupied a flat at 50 Great Tower Street, and explained how there was no vicarage to All Hallows, and gave us a little of the history of the buildings round New June. He said that he had brought with him to-night Mrs. Cooke, one of his oldest friends, and to the memory of whose son the first memorial room in Mark II was dedicated. Mrs. Cooke spoke just a few words saying how much she felt herself to be one of us. We were very glad to see her.

A move was then made to the roof where we sang the Doxology. There could have been nothing more fitting—we had to praise God for so much. All the "do you remembers," the happiness

of work there, the family, the joy of receiving overseas and other visitors, and showing them a little of Toc H and L.W.H.

Before going over to Compline we walked along the street and looked at the outside of the new New June. There are four floors, and consequently plenty of stairs to make us feel at home. It is good to know that we shall not be moving far away. It will probably be a year before we take possession. From there we went to All Hallows for Compline, and one realised that though New June at 50 Great Tower Street was no more, we still had the spiritual foundation on which to build the new New June.

After a few more reminiscences over a cup of tea at New June we went to bed, some at No. 7, some at New June, and a few on the roof.

Early Service on Sunday morning, to which a number of L.W.H. members came, was followed by breakfast at New June and photography on the roof. At eleven o'clock we went over to the church. In place of a sermon Padre Tubby told us of what he had been doing in the past week, and of his hopes and dreams for the improvement of Tower Hill, a beginning having been made with the All Hallows coffee stall and a British Legion band to play in the moat. May we hope that the new New June will be able to do its bit towards the fulfilment of Padre Tubby's dreams.

Goodbye old New June, thank you for all you have meant and done for us, and to the new New June here's luck! S.A.

A Farewell

IN the top three floors of "No. 50" much Toc H history has been made. Here, in the old days, Tubby lived with his sister: I rarely look at the gas-stove without remembering that he sat on it one night before the inception of "New June," brandishing a toasting-fork and expounding his favourite theories. Here Mac lived and founded New June. Here the Duchess of York came to open the Club Room.

It is a strange place, with its dark

passages, its queer rooms, its kitchen on the top floor, its flat roof, its lunch club, and its gay friendly spirit.

Its visitors came from all the ends of the earth: from India, New Zealand, South America, Canada, Africa, Australia and Germany—because this E.C. corner of our great city is known as "the heart of Toc H."

And three weeks will see an end of these things, and the separation of the dwellers in New June. Since the sword

of impending departure has hung above our heads, there seems to be a recklessness in our gaiety. We have met, we women, strangers in this city, and have "shaken down" together like the members of a family. We have rubbed each others' corners off; we have quarrelled and made friends; we have grieved together and rejoiced together: we have had comings and goings, marriage in our midst and the death of friends.

We shall miss the hundred little familiar things—the voice of one, the step of another, the nocturnal prowling of a third, the voice of Matron wafting upwards from No. 7, and the creaking of the blue sign on windy nights. We shall miss, too, the friendly sights and sounds of the neighbourhood—the All Hallows clock and church bells, the cooing of pigeons, the clanging of the bell to announce the raising of the Tower Bridge, the sirens and foghorns screaming as boats pass up and down the River,

and the fanfare of trumpets from the Tower.

Another spring has softened the bare outline of the trees in the Tower garden and round the moat. The warm weather has coaxed us up on to the roof of New June to have our tea, or drink our evening coffee, or simply to watch the stars come out and the moon rise behind the Tower, and the human-set lights twinkle out near and farther off. On fine, still nights we hear the footstep of the warder closing the Tower, and the clank of keys, sharp commands, then the National Anthem and the Last Post.

New June was the name of an old house on this site, close to All Hallows and the Royal Chapel, where Crusaders spent the eve of their departure for the Holy Land. In their spirit we of this modern New June go out taking with us from it memories of a very happy home.

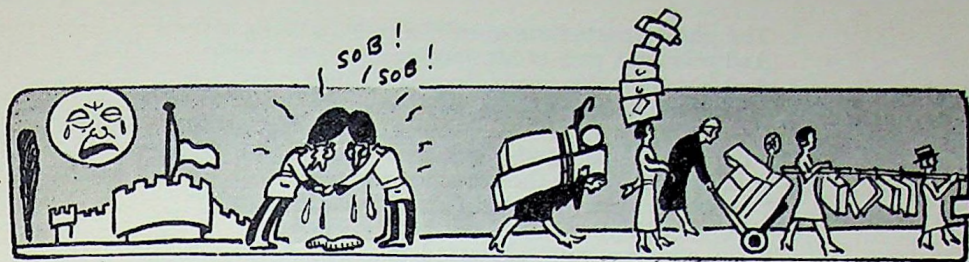
"Midsummer Night's Dream"

A Dark Cloud of Tragedy (*Hankies ready, please*)

In every office of the Press,
From "Morning Moan" to "Night Express,"
They strictly keep an iron rule,
And woe betide the hero who'll
Attempt to thwart this stern decree,
Swift death awaits him, 'cos you see—

The Editor's Decision is Final.

Sad maidens on Great Tower Street,
Trunks, boxes, luggage round their feet,
Gazed sorrowfully at the door
Which they would never enter more;
Homeless, through editorial whim,
Faced with a Housing problem grim.
St. Martin's Crypt? Or doss-house shady?
Or camping out like the Peanut Lady
On Tower Hill steps with sacks for bed?
Or a kip in a hole in the road instead?
Turned out, they quitted their abode,
Their footsteps echoed down the road,



Disconsolate, by light of moon,
The erstwhile inmates of New June!
No drum was heard, no funeral note,
But sentries by the Tower moat,
Fought down emotion as they passed
And flew a flag at half the mast—

The Editor's Decision had been Final!

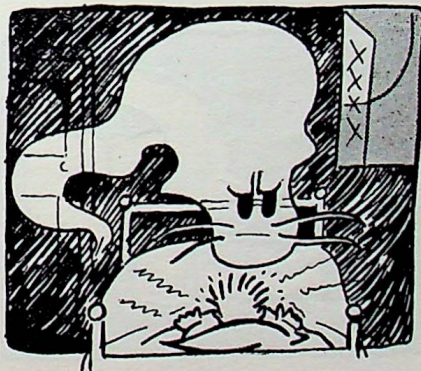
(A Flicker of Sympathetic Lightning)

(Well may you weep and gnash and wail!
The hardest heart breaks o'er this tale;
But stay!—a sequel now appears!
And when you've heard it, give three cheers!)

Fantasy's Silver Lining

The Editor lay in his bed that night,
In the flat that he'd made of New June;
He suddenly had a most terrible fright!
(It nearly made him swoon)
For a phantom visitant loomed from the gloom,
A Cat with a purr like the crack of doom,
And it perched on the bed-rail and filled half the room,
As big as a small balloon!

The Editor covered beneath the clothes,
And hid his terrified face,
And quavered "Who-why-what-how-which-when-are you?"
"And why do you haunt this place?"



The ghost emitted a mournful cry
 And pointed a paw at his peeping eye,
 And howled "You really deserve to die!
 Your conduct has been a disgrace!"

"Eight years, cat and ghost, I've lived in this house"
 (moaned Sydney the New June ghost)
 "Loved by each lady and feared by each mouse,"
 (groaned Sydney the New June ghost)
 "But now you have shattered the idyll divine,
 You've cheated me out of what's rightly mine!
 And I doom you forever to wear a sign
 On the place that will hurt you most!"

"Alas! How empty this place will be,
 Now all the Toc Emmas are gone.
 No Hallow E'en revelries I shall see;
 Oh, look what you've been and done!
 Wuff will not sleep on the roof again,
 With nightcap and lantern and gamp for rain,
 And an eye on the fire-escape down to Mark Lane,
 And a smile for the rising sun!"

"Every Christmas will be a dud!
 (No visits from "Sheila Kaye")
 No more Duchess to stir the pud!
 (No visits from "Tubby Clay")
 No more wisecracks from Mrs. Cope,
 No more welcome for Group and Grope,
 You've driven Toc Emmas to drink and dope
 And heavily you must pay!"

"Gone are the days when for cats like me
 Life here was very heaven;
 No implosions from Miss Macfie
 Of Tower Hill Number Seven;
 No nibbling the baccy-plant some one sent us,
 No raids from Marksmen or Chichele's Renters,
 No fun with the baby that someone lent us—
 The lump has lost its leaven."



"No more parties for Darby and Joan,
(*Oh! What a dreadful shame!*)
No more sign board to make the place known,
(*Home has lost its name!*)
Think of the Guestnights, you silly goop!
The high-hearted people, the "makee whoop"
Like the night when I, Sydney, fell in the soup,
And earned undying fame!"

And it scratched his nose with an angry claw,
Howling "Sydney, the New June ghost!"
And it scratched it again with a big hind paw,
Yowling "Sydney, the New June ghost!"
"In London City or land afar,
Wherever you go and wherever you are,
Your proboscis shall always be marked by this scar—
'Cos I'm most annoyed with you—*most!*"

The tears of Sydney came falling fast;
The tide began to rise!
The half-drowned Editor, swimming fast,
With ever diminishing cries,
Endeavoured to holler "Hold! Enough!"
He thought he could call the phantom's bluff,
But the ghost spat fire—a mighty puff!—
And vanished before his eyes!

At precisely that moment the Editor woke,
To find he had kicked off the clothes.
"I thought I was drowning! A nightmare soak!
Ugh! No repetition of *those!*"
But though he says "Dreams" to explain it away,
He carries the proof to his dying day,
And you'll see it if ever you pass his way—

A great big scratch on his nose.

HAL PINK.



The Birthday Scheme

MISS R. M. ELMS, secretary of the Birthday Scheme, asks us to draw members' attention to a change of address. She writes as follows:—"Owing to the temporary closing down of New June, will members of the Birthday Scheme send their letters and contributions to my private address at 5 Burton Houses, Myatts Park, London, S.E.5.

The scheme has been in existence since 1927, membership exceeds 1,300, and a total of £415 9s. 0d. has now been collected. These figures will speak for themselves, but I should like to take this opportunity of thanking everyone for their loyal support and charming letters. Members overseas are still very prompt in replying to the birthday cards sent, and from all parts of the world do they remember.

May I send very warm greetings to all, and very especially to members of St. Lucy's Home, Gloucester, and a wish

that many will continue to give their support to this scheme."

* * *

For the information of readers who have not heard of the Birthday Scheme, we would explain that its members give some birthday gift in money to the L.W.H. on their own birthday, on which day also they receive a card of greeting from the secretary. Members of the L.W.H. receive a note about the scheme after initiation (i.e., after their names have been received at H.Q.), and if no answer is received it is understood that they do not wish to join. Only the Birthday Secretary knows the amounts of individual gifts, and a cheque is sent for the whole sum received each month to the Hon. Treasurer at H.Q. The quiet growth of the membership of the Birthday Scheme shows how many folks still love "doing good by stealth," and this is an opportunity of just saying how much their help is appreciated.

Bits and Pieces

Michaelmas Day, Thursday, September 29th, will be observed as usual as a Day of Intercession for the Toc H Movement by L.W.H. all over the world. In London the centre will be All Hallows, which will be open for intercession from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Pilgrimages. The August and September Pilgrimages are now full up, but there is room for some to join a group of pilgrims from Milford-on-Sea, who are going to Poperinghe for the week-end, October 7th-10th. Any who wish to join them should write to Mrs. Hastings, St. Georges, Milford-on-Sea.

"Tommy" of *Yorkshire* is conducting the North of England Pilgrimage this month by the Hull-Zeebrugge route. It was, no doubt, foresight on the part of our printer which made him give her the special title of Sea-Pilot in the secretaries' list last April!

The Family Coach runs this quarter from—

Birkenhead	to Rayleigh
Huddersfield A	to Sherborne
Tanfield	to Bromley
Morristown	to Gainsborough
Conisb'gh & Denaby	to Wandsworth
Dulwich	to Goole
Hackney	to King's Norton
Peterborough	to Folkestone A
Felling	to Harpenden
Muswell Hill	to Bridlington
Walthamstow	to Sidcup
E.C. & Tower Hill	to Kendal

Our Travelling Pilot of the last few months, Mrs. Edwards, is going to visit North America, and asks that all letters to her should be addressed c/o Mrs. Highman, 34 Trinity Terrace, Newton Centre, Boston, Mass., U.S.A. After a well-earned holiday she is going to visit the L.W.H. units in Canada. Our very best wishes go with her, and she carries greetings from us to them.



My Visit to Ypres

I WAS one of a party of L.W.H. members which crossed to Dunkirk en route for the Ypres Salient on April 1st. Our object, of course, was to visit the war cemeteries, and as many points of historic interest as could be crowded into two days.

Leaving Tilbury at midnight we arrived at Dunkirk at 6 a.m., after a somewhat rough crossing. From this point we travelled by motor 'bus through the countryside to Poperinghe, our headquarters being Talbot House. Needless to say, this memorable old home was a source of great interest to us.

Unfortunately, the weather on April 2nd was not promising, but the programme was carried out as thoroughly as could be under the circumstances. After a very welcome breakfast at eight o'clock we prepared for our journey by 'bus to Ypres. Kemmel Hill was visited and a small French cemetery lying lonely on the hillside. We then proceeded to Lone Tree Crater and on to Ypres, where we lunched at Skindles and spent a pleasant hour together.

The afternoon's programme included visits to the large cemeteries of Sanctuary Wood and Tyne Cot. These are carefully tended, and give one the impression of great peace and solemnity. It was our great privilege to see the grave of Gilbert Talbot, after whom T.C.H. is named. If there was any lack of peace and solemnity, surely it was to be found where the German students lie. My own impression was one of great sadness.

Unfortunately, owing to the heavy rain the Canadian Memorials had to be viewed from the motor 'bus; but we are assured all are well tended. Reaching Poperinghe at seven o'clock we felt we had seen and understood something of the sacrifice

and suffering of those terrible four years of war.

Sunday, the third of April, was wet like the day before, but we looked forward to carrying out our programme. The morning was spent in Talbot House, commencing with Communion Service in the Chapel. After breakfast at Skindles we returned to the House in order to make a tour of its rooms. My favourite, I think, is the Chapel, where are to be found the quaint oaken candlesticks and the small harmonium used during the War. The remainder of the morning was filled with lecture and talk.

The afternoon was spent in Ypres, this time to view the ramparts, cathedral, and other buildings. Here and there we found remains of the old walls, after which we passed on to the cathedral, rebuilt during the last ten years. This is very beautiful in quiet colours of grey and gold, with a few marble tombs round its walls.

Leaving the cathedral we next visited the English schools, which are fine. The whole atmosphere struck me as one of great hopefulness and cheerfulness.

Dinnertime found us watching a glorious sunset, but our way to the Menin Gate to hear the Last Post sounded was marred by a torrential downpour of rain. However, we arrived in time to hear this wonderful call sounded under the Gate.

Returning to Poperinghe for family prayers, we made preparations for our departure for London. We again took the motor 'bus for Dunkirk, embarking about midnight. After a smooth crossing we reached Tilbury at eight o'clock, where we took train for St. Pancras, after passing through the usual Customs.

This visit will live in my memory for all time, and many thanks are due to the organisers of the tour.

E.A.J.



Going---A Real Job

THERE may be among readers of this Journal some who are ready to serve but

(1) who are not able to go far afield;

(2) who have not found their real field of interest and service. (The two must coincide if service is to be the joy it ought to be).

May I bring to their notice a job that is crying out to be done, has a real thrill in it and is full of interest and contacts.

The job is transcribing books for the blind. It can be done at home by anyone who is able and willing to give four hours a week to it, and to submit themselves to six months training, which is also done at home.

I know the latter sounds rather a "tall order." More probation, more difficulty, more hard work! But, believe me, it is well worth it.

The worth whileness is best realised by the following extracts taken from readers' letters to the library. All ages, classes and sexes share in the joy the books bring.

"I cannot be content merely to send you my personal thanks. My heart longs for a wonderful way to thank all the friends in all places for making the blind glad with books. When we read, we think we see. To the doubly-handicapped, embossed books are a most precious boon—they deliver them from the all-devouring dragon of loneliness. How did the blind live in the terrible night before they had books they could read?"

From Hampshire:

"I feel I must tell you what a blessing the Library was to my husband, who has just died after a very trying illness. How he enjoyed the books, almost to the last!

"I am sure if those kind folk who write Braille books for the Blind could have watched him reading and seen the pleasure it gave him, they would feel repaid for the time and labour they give."

From other readers:

"The books are such a help to me, for though I am not quite blind I have to lead a very quiet life, and as I am now seventy years old and far from strong, I cannot occupy myself as I gladly would otherwise. I am most anxious not to grow morbid and self-centred, and my reading is a good remedy against both."

Books of every kind are transcribed, from Edgar Wallace "thrillers" to Hammond, Rise of Modern History and instructions in Bee Keeping!

If we try to imagine for a moment the long, long days and nights of these who cannot, as we do, see, get about, read and live in constant touch and communication with others, we can equally imagine the happy world of contact and reality which books open to them.

I will gladly give further information to anyone who is interested in the work of the National Library for the Blind from any point of view if they will write to me at:—

Larkbarrow,
Monks Orchard,
Eden Park,
Beckenham, Kent.

Norah Mackenzie.



The Laundry

PERSONAL SERVICE LEAGUE.

Dear Editor,

The Personal Service League, under the guidance of Lady Londonderry, is organising working parties, to make, renovate, and mend clothing, and they also require money to buy materials, etc. They did a wonderful work last winter, but they realise the need will be far greater, so they are appealing to everyone all over the country for help.

Surely this is a work for L.W.H. at our meetings, we could at least use our fingers. If only each member knew of the distress and suffering, they would rise up and use every spare moment.

Believe me the need of women's help is just as great as during the war; those men who fought for us are needing our help, and if they have passed on, surely it is the least we can do for their families. If you could only come with me to visit the homes, where the men have been for a long time out of employment, in the great industrial areas, such as my husband's division in West Nottingham, I am sure none of you would grudge a few hours to help in this great work. "Dole" leaves little or nothing to purchase clothing or bedding, and in many cases these people are, as far as these things are concerned, at rock bottom. I myself could distribute large quantities if only I had them, and if any group would take this up, I would go and see them and tell them about it. I do hope L.W.H. will help, the need is so great.

I am sure there are many other parts of our big cities equally in need, "do help."

Yours sincerely,

54 South Croxted Road, Dorothy F. Caporn.
Dulwich, London, S.E.21.

A "LOG" NIGHT.

Dear Editor,

Having read in the "Log" of various branches holding a "Log" night, it gives me much pleasure to inform you that we of Luton Branch L.W.H. held our first "Log" night last week, which we found very enjoyable. We are looking forward to our next with even more keen and lively interest than the last.

Also I would bring to your notice a job in which we can all take part, that is "The Stitchwell Society," connected with that wonderful institution "Dr. Barnardo's Homes." The particulars I give below. That is each member of L.W.H. promises to give four garments each year. These may be made from any left off garments, or new ones, together with a sum of 1/- in cash. We find it is going well in our branch as our worthy jobmistress sent a parcel in the early part of the year, and we are hoping to have another in readiness for the latter part of the year. The tiniest or largest garments are equally welcome.

Yours sincerely,

Luton.

Marjie.

ADDITIONS AND ALTERATIONS TO SECRETARIES' LIST

LONDON:

Hackney
Stepney
Tottenham
Wood Green

Miss G. M. Trussler, 105 Wilton Road, E.8.
Miss K. Mills, 42 Salmon Lane, E.14.
Miss E. M. Creighton, 28 Grenoble Gardens, N.13.
Miss Mitchell, 1a Spencer Avenue, N.13.

COUNTRY:

Aberdeen
Bradford
BROXBORNE
CLACTON-ON-SEA
FOLKESTONE
Folkestone A.
Govan
Llanelly
Lurgan
St. Albans
Small Heath
West Bromwich
Yenton

Miss C. Findlay, 11 Millburn Street.
Miss Sturgess, 22 Cyclone Street, Bradford, Manchester.
Miss L. M. Cusley, 11 Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon, Herts.
Miss D. Platman, 151 St. Osyth Road.
Miss J. Mackins, 267 Dover Hill.
Miss E. Kirby 54 Mead Road, Folkestone.
Miss A. Britt, 124 Pollock Street, Glasgow, C.5.
Miss D. A. Earl, Lodwig House, Elkington Road, Burry Port, S. Wales.
Mrs. W. Johnston, 14 High Street, Lurgan, Co. Armagh, Ireland.
Miss D. Flegg, Woodhurst, Hatfield Road.
Miss F. Heathcote, 27 Imperial Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.
Miss N. Jackson, 51 Brian Road, Smethwick, Staffs.
Miss C. Munn, 31 Jerry's Lane, Erdington Birmingham.

DISTRICT OFFICE-BEARERS:

Hull District Secretary: Miss G. Smith, 167 Beverley Road, Hull.
Hull District Pilot: Mrs. Pybus, Sartor House, Cottingham.
Leeds District Secretary: Miss J. Crowther, Ellerslie, Huddersfield.
Leeds District Pilot: Miss P. Mear, Bank End, Netherton, Nr. Huddersfield.
Sheffield District Secretary: Miss E. Johnston, Park Mount, Barnsley Road, Sheffield.
West Middlesex District Pilot: Mrs. Collyer, 27 The Park, Ealing, W.5.
BIRTHDAY SCHEME Secretary: Miss R. Elms, 5 Burton Houses, Brief Street, Myatts Park, S.E.5.

L. W. H. Lamplighting Festival, Feb. 13-14, 1932

RECEIPTS

To Ticket Money and Donations	261 3 0	
Less:—Refunds for unused tickets	15 17 3	
				245 5 9
" Sale of Programmes		21 15 1
" Collections:—				
St. Margaret Pattens	5 1 0	
Christ Church	6 12 3	
All Hallows (half)	8 2 6	
All Hallows (9.30 a.m.)	3 12 0	
Talbot House (9.30 a.m.)	9 7	
				23 17 4
Less:				
*Gift to Dorothy Maud for her work in Sophiatown, Johannesburg (Collections at 9.30 a.m. Services)	4 1 7	
Donation to Memorial Window, All Hallows	5 0 0	
				9 1 7
				14 15 9
				£281 16 7

PAYMENTS

By Hire of Halls, Church House, Saturday and Sunday		36 10 9
" Churches:—				
St. Margaret Pattens	2 2 0	
Organist, Christ Church	2 2 0	
				4 4 0
" St. George's Singers, Charges		10 10 0
" Printing:—				
Tickets and Leaflets	7 4 6	
Invitation Cards	3 8 0	
Programmes and Services	21 14 2	
				32 6 8
" Meals:—				
J. Lyons & Co., Ltd.	67 14 6	
Church House Restaurant	12 1 0	
				79 15 6
" Billets:—				
Thos. Cook & Son, National Hotel	19 15 0	
Pierhead House, Wapping	5 5 0	
				25 0 0
" Expenses:—				
Duplicating	1 8 3	
Petty Cash and Cheque book	1 5 3	
Postages (1.1.32 to 24.2.32)	5 5 5	
Tips	1 17 6	
				9 16 5
" Overhead Charges		15 0 0
				213 3 4
" †Balance in Bank, as per Pass Book		68 13 3
				£281 16 7
18.3.1932.				

NOTES

*Read the article in this number of "The Log" for an account of Miss Dorothy Maud's work.
 †This balance is being carried forward to the next Festival, so that we may engage a larger hall without fear of loss.

News of the Family

AUSTRALIA. *Payneham* Group is going along very steadily—we make our meetings as interesting as possible. Each member takes in it turn to act as chairman, and we have had one Guest Night this year. Dr. Naegali, who used to live in Switzerland, gave us a lantern lecture on his home country—it was very interesting. We have also arranged for a member (and probationers too) to speak for a few minutes each meeting. One girl gave a very interesting talk on Madame Melba, another a talk about Montessori Kindergarten work, another about her trip down a gold mine in Bendigo, Victoria. We have also had a “curio evening”—each girl taking something of interest. That, too, was a great success—fossils, relics from India, samplers, old books, a wonderful old patchwork quilt made over 100 years ago, and the minutest stitches you could imagine, and a number of very old fashioned bodices belonging to one girl's grandmother—a lovely collection of curios, and each member spoke for a few minutes about her exhibit. It is just a way of giving each of us “confidence.” It's so hard for some of us to get up and talk, but we're all learning!

Perth. L.W.H. in Perth still goes on in the same old way—our group is growing rather large—we have eighteen active members and nine probationers, and on all sides there are enquiries from girls of all ages wanting to join. I wish Toc H would start a group somewhere out this way, and want an L.W.H. so we could divide! Not that we want to separate, not at all, but big groups get a bit difficult to handle at times, don't they? Although, of course, they have their advantage. We have been so lucky lately about receiving answers to our overseas letters. I had one from Miss Ivy Eastwood from Bulawayo, and one of the other groups had one from her mother, which was read at the last inter-group officers' meeting. The girls were so thrilled about my letters being answered that they seized the “Log”

supplement of addresses and nearly all of them took down a name and address of an overseas secretary. Let me see now, what have we been doing this year that is worth repeating. First of all the rooms had a tremendous spring cleaning; new jobs have been coming in, including a mission in a little street near our rooms, which, owing to scarcity of helpers, is able to keep children off the streets on only one night a week, so Subiaco is taking charge on another night, and we in Perth on another. The room is only a very small one, so the group is divided up into teams of four girls, each team to go on for a month. The girls are most enthusiastic, and are already planning what kinds of handwork, games, etc., they will have when their turn comes, even though it is some months distant.

NEW ZEALAND. *Wellington.* This year has commenced a very busy one for us all—we have various new jobs—Mending at the Boys' City Mission (in most cases we have quite a lot of fun trying to find a piece of the material strong enough to sew on a patch); we go in teams of four and five to this job weekly. We also have our old job of mending at the Levin Home. We have a job of serving in a Canteen for unemployed men—lunch hour—from 12 to one, three times a week—Toc H are running the Canteen and they asked us to take it over for the lunch hour. We serve out tea and bun for 1d. We have from 90 to 120 men, so are kept very busy. We go in twos to this job. Unemployment is very bad just now, and it does make one sad to see the men just hanging around. We have the beautiful job—one cannot really call it a job—of putting fresh flowers in the Toc H Chapel weekly for their lunch hour Service. We have also various jobs of visiting old people, both in their homes and in the Hospital. We have got to know them all more now and just like to have a “gossip” with them, and I really think they enjoy it too. It makes a break in

their lives. We are taking a Concert Party up to Victoria Hospital next Tuesday. We are still doing the Toc H teas and, so far, all are alive, which really speaks for itself. We all like having a proper kitchen—it does make a difference. We had two extra teas during Easter for the Conference people. We had a very interesting combined meeting last Thursday with Toc H—the Rev. B. Brown from Christchurch gave a talk on Toc H. At Christchurch Group's suggestion we are having an intercession at 12.45 on Saturday next, for the guidance of the Conference in London to decide future relations of L.W.H. and Toc H. I have also passed this suggestion on to Auckland and Hawkes Bay, and trust they will adopt it.

Christchurch. Second Annual Report. The past year has been a very busy as well as a very interesting one. There is now a membership of 21, and there are also ten probationers. Attendances at meetings have been good, and a gratifying feature of this year's meetings has been that we have not had to call so often upon outside speakers, as many of our members have given very interesting and enjoyable talks. We realise, however, that outside speakers introduce fresh interests, and are duly grateful and appreciative of the talks given by the Child Welfare Officer, the Assistant Medical Officer for Health and Corps Surgeon of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, the Radium expert at the Christchurch Hospital, and the Commissioner of the Boy Scout organisation, the Organiser of the Manufacturers' Association, and others. The jobs done by members during the year are very comprehensive, embracing all kinds of service, such as hospital and sick visiting, helping with Girl Guides, Brownies, visiting the sick and infirm, the blind and unfortunate, preparing weekly teas for Toc H, providing and making pies for the St. Martin's Guest House for penniless unemployed men, entertaining orphans on Saturday afternoons, clerical assistance in connection with the relief of unemployment and with various charitable organisations, sewing, mending,

making garments for charitable aid cases, sewing and clerical assistance in connection with Earthquake and many other small jobs. The L.W.H. took part in the very impressive and beautiful Anzac Day Service in the Cathedral, and also attended the Chain of Light Ceremony on November 3rd. A guest night was held and was attended by many friends, and, in November, the second birthday of the League was celebrated by means of a social evening, followed by a dance. Members and their friends were responsible for a very fine programme, and the evening was an unqualified success, thanks to the assistance and co-operation of Christchurch Branch of Toc H. Communication has been kept up with London Headquarters, and with L.W.H. groups in Auckland, Wellington, England, Australia and Africa. The League was helped during the year by the visit of Miss Morgan, who came, bearing an introduction from Miss Macfie, and who was able to give us much valued information regarding L.W.H. work in England and Australia. The Christchurch Branch of Toc H have backed the L.W.H. in every possible way, showing that they believe in our desire to help them in their "Great Adventure." We are very grateful for their sponsorship of the Christchurch Group since its formation, and the way they have treated us as "part of the family of Toc H" and allowed us the use of their rooms. Padre Williams also has been of very great assistance and comfort to us at all times, and has always helped us so cheerfully, and is so much a part of our L.W.H. family that we hardly realise how very exacting we are, and how much of his time he gives us. We have tried to remember during the year two things—That L.W.H. means (1) Women Helpers of Toc H, (2) Helpers of other women and of all who need our help. The hardest part has been—not the finding of jobs to do, but trying to knit together into a fellowship women with totally different outlooks, but with strong, common interests. We have to realise that service is not everything, and that to give the best service to humanity

we must be tolerant, helpful and kind to our sisters in the League. We know that there are big problems to be tackled, and that inevitably mistakes will be made, but instead of letting our mistakes discourage us, and the present economic tangle depress us, we are determined to let these setbacks act as stimulus, and endeavour to carry on with fresh vision.

CANADA. *Montreal* has found a new job, and that is collecting all sorts of empty glass bottles—such as H.P. Sauce, etc.—and taking them to the General Hospital Dispensary, where they are very grateful for them, and they are used for lotions, creams, etc., that do not require the bottles with measurements on. I do not know if that would be any use as a suggestion for any of the London Groups. It saves the hospitals having to buy them.

SOUTH AMERICA. *Santiago*. The following is the Chairman's Annual Report:—"In September of 1930 Padre Couch invited a few ladies to meet at the British Club in order to discuss the aims and objects of the League of Women Helpers. The first was shortly followed by a second meeting at which a provisional committee was formed. On October the 8th, the first organised grope meeting was held at the Y.W.C.A., and on this occasion forty-two ladies were present. The next meeting was held on December 3rd and the committee at present in office was elected. It was about this time that we felt the need of having our own room, but that bugbear finance soon presented itself. Some of the busier tongues soon began to wag, and the idea was agreed upon of holding a concert early in the New Year in order to raise funds. With the proceeds of the concert and a little help from the Ladies' Guild we bought our own crockery, cutlery, curtains, etc., and redecorated the Church Hall. In the month of April, after holding seven meetings at the Y.W.C.A., we moved to our new premises and felt very much like Alice in Wonderland. During the year we have held twenty-three meetings, and have had some interesting speakers. Papers on the Four Points of the Compass were read and discussed

at one meeting, at another two pamphlets regarding Toc H were read, at another meeting several girls talked for five minutes about their home or office jobs, and besides two or three purely business meetings we have had social and sewing evenings. Four mixed meetings have been held during the year, two at the British Club, and two at the Church Hall. The average attendance during the year has been thirty, but on several occasions more than forty Jills have been present, but during the summer months the attendance has been less than twenty. During the year a campaign was started to link up the home groups with those overseas in order to bring them into closer touch; the Santiago Grope had the good fortune to be linked up with the Purley Group. Six probationers were initiated at the dedication service of the Toc H Lamp on October 24th, six more have been initiated to-night, and with the two members from Valparaiso, who joined our ranks during the year, we shall start our second year with fourteen fully fledged members. Application was made in October for a Rushlight, and it is a great pleasure for me to be able to tell you to-night that I have received a letter this week from Headquarters stating that our request has been granted, and I am sure we now feel one of the children of Toc H, instead of one of its infants.

Valparaiso write "We meet every Wednesday fortnight, about 7.30 p.m., in the premises of the Y.W.C.A. Supper is brought in turn by the members, to which the finishing touches are put at the Y. We knit and sew for the poor and Baby Dispensary, which is practically run by the help of the foreign colonies; most of our materials have been given to us. When it can be arranged we ask people to come and talk to us. A little while ago the Bishop of the Falkland Islands gave us a very interesting account of the life and work carried on in Southern Chile among the Araucanian Indians. Some of our members visit the hospitals and Baby Dispensary, where their help has been much appreciated. We have lately assisted an English girl whose hus-

band is in prison owing to the Naval Mutiny, which occurred here some months ago.

EAST ANGLIA CONFERENCE. April 16th, the day of the opening of the East Anglia Conference, broke cold and dreary, and by the time we set out on our journey to Ipswich, where the Conference was held, the heavens were sending down sheets of rain—still our spirits rose as the thoughts of a happy and instructive week-end filled our minds. We were not disappointed, for Ipswich had provided everything for our comfort—a warm cosy room, cheery company, and a tea which soon thawed us all; Mac and Wuff (who was in the chair) arriving in time to enjoy it with us.

After tea the conference opened with Miss Macfie's talk on "Our Aim and Purpose—How to put this into practical Terms." She reminded us of the "Main Resolution" passed by the Central Councils of Toc H for 1923-24 and 1924-26:—

"Remembering with gratitude how God used the Old House to bring home to multitudes of men that behind the ebb and flow of things temporal stand the eternal realities, and to send them forth strengthened to fight at all costs for the setting up of His Kingdom upon Earth; we pledge ourselves to strive:—

To listen now and always for the voice of God;

To know His Will revealed in Christ and to do it fearlessly, reckoning nothing of the world's opinion or its successes for ourselves or this our family; and towards this end,

To think fairly, to love widely, to witness humbly, to build bravely."

If we are really in Toc H to see "our duty as His Will" and "to work for His Kingdom in the wills of men" our lives must be fully surrendered and dedicated to the fulfilling of His Purpose.

Then followed an open session at which various questions of "domestic" interest previously sent in by the units were discussed and answered.

Supper (at the Crown and Anchor) was a jolly meal. Later Padre Christopher George, Ipswich L.W.H. and Toc H District Padre, talked on a Rule of Life. Toc H is a Way of Life, challenging and difficult. There can be no accomplishment without discipline; we cannot find the way without a sense of direction; and discipline is the parent of a sense of direction. Supplementing points that Mac had made earlier in the evening, he stressed the supremacy of spiritual values; the need for courage to submit ourselves to a discipline through which we may see and follow the vision that will enable us to help our day and generation. If Toc H is to be, through us, something dynamic in the common life, then it can only be when our whole life is guided by the Divine Plan and Divine Life. We talked much about this and thought more—and so to bed.

Sunday—a day to be remembered—began with Holy Communion. We met again at 10.30 a.m. in the room shared by Toc H and L.W.H. for a service of Thanksgiving and Rededication. Ipswich read the Lesson, Clacton played the piano, Cambridge took the service. After this Miss Marguerite de Beaumont (Cambridge) spoke on "Fellowship," and inspired us to look at this first point of the compass from a new angle. She broke fresh ground for us, and a précis would not do justice to a talk which used Christopher Robin as an illustration and concluded with Rupert Brooke's lines.

"Now, God be thanked Who has
matched us with His hour,

And caught our youth, and wakened
us from sleeping."

Talks on "Service" were given by Clacton, Ipswich, and Bury St. Edmunds, and were followed by discussions in which everyone took part. By this time we were a little stiff with sitting still so long, and some of us felt like children needing a game to restore our circulation, but to our surprise it was already the hour for lunch (a splendid one) which was waiting for us at the Crown and Anchor, where in our friendly chats across the table we learned something more of each other.

The afternoon session opened with a talk by Miss Doss Howell (our Area Pilot) on "Programmes." She suggested that we ought to have a considered purpose underlying the whole scheme of our units and that we might plan our meetings and work under four headings:—

1. Character training—the religious and idealistic.
2. Physical training—games, etc.
3. Training in handicraft—splint making, sewing, leatherwork, etc.
4. Training in service—what there is to do, by whom, and how and where to do it.

Following discussion, it was decided that each group and branch should try out this programme, and submit its findings and criticisms to the Area Secretary for information and use by Headquarters.

The last session of the conference was occupied by five minute talks from each unit on how to keep before groups and branches the story of Toc H. The story never grows old, there is so much of it, and every person tells the story differently. We are "making history" all the time, and there is always something new. Pilgrimages to Poperinghe, to All Hallows; training days for potential leaders other than office bearers; talks from early members, preferably with lantern slides, reading "Tales of Talbot House," and back as well as current numbers of the "Journal"—all these help to keep before old members as well as newcomers the past history and the unfolding present story of Toc H.

Home going prayers, taken by Mac at 4.15, followed by a hurried tea enabling us to catch our trains, ended this very friendly conference. Thank you, Ipswich, for your hospitality and all the trouble you took to make this first East Anglian Conference such a success.

STAFFORDSHIRE DISTRICT. As yet we number but three groups—Walsall, Stoke and Wednesfield—and unfortunately, as we are so few and far between, our contact is but seldom. However, when we do meet, no one will doubt that we are members of one great happy family. We have had two district

Conferences, one last October at Wednesfield, at which very valuable discussion on L.W.H. problems as a whole took place, and our latest on 28th May at Stoke, when we were honoured by the presence of Mrs. Edwards, the travelling pilot, as our speaker. For the latter occasion Wednesfield and Walsall travelled by charabanc in great style. The weather was glorious—rivers, rivers, everywhere. After a gigantic tea, Mrs. Edwards related some of her amusing experiences on her travels. Then followed a very profitable open discussion on Programmes, ably led by Mrs. Edwards. The need for variety and open discussions was greatly emphasised. Items for entertainment were provided by each group, and these included a very novel idea—an exhibition of the Tango by two members in *full evening dress*—(the "he" was charming). After all the excitement we fed again, and mounted our "Rolls Rough" to return, after a most interesting and happy gathering. Our only hope is that more groups will appear in our district in the near future so that we can be in closer touch with each other.

KENT AREA. *Tunbridge Wells* held their second birthday on 6th April. The Rededication Service was conducted by the Toc H Padre, at which Toc H and a large number of friends were present. At the meeting which followed Mrs. Edwards, the Travelling Pilot, was heartily welcomed, and her talk was much enjoyed by the large company present. On the following evening a joint meeting of Canterbury and Whitstable was held at *Whitstable*, when Mrs. Edwards again gave a very helpful and cheering talk. On 26th May, an Area Guest Night was held at *Dover*, a representative gathering from all units numbering about 100 was present. Padre Moyle was the speaker, and his talk was thoroughly appreciated by all. Various members contributed to the programme, and a most enjoyable and helpful evening was spent.

Folkestone sends the following report of a joint Toc H and L.W.H. meeting:—"After having been invited regularly, four times a year, to the Toc H meetings,

we, of the L.W.H., decided it was time we invited them to one of ours. We also decided to endeavour to make the event a real success.

Knowing that the way to win a man's approval, and to make him feel at ease, is through his stomach, we started off with a plentiful supply of buttered hufkins and cheese, cakes and coffee. Having thus broken the barriers of reserve, we sought to preserve the informal spirit by letting everyone remain seated more or less as they were, at the tiny supper tables, instead of shifting them and their chairs into stiff orderly rows.

Our Chairman then conducted the ceremony of light, both the Toc H and the L.W.H. lamps being lit, after which our Speaker, Padre Moyle, of Maidstone, gave us a wonderful talk, describing vividly his adventures and vicissitudes when a prisoner of war. He told us how he, with a few comrades in misfortune, eventually decided on a plan of escape. It consisted of an almost impossible resolution to dig a tunnel eighty yards long, from the back of a small cupboard in the prisoner's common room, to the outside of the camp, with no other tools than a crowbar, a broken frying pan, and an unlimited supply of courage, hope and hard work. He gave a vivid account of their struggles against great odds to carry through the work, and described how at last their untiring efforts won success, and one and all escaped, only to be recaptured after four days glorious liberty and ever-growing hunger, and sent to a prison far worse than that from which they had just escaped.

Through all his talk, however, there ran a deeper story. He dived into a prisoner's mind and led us by devious routes through black darkness of despair into places where God and religion were forced out—nay more—reviled. Then with a masterly hand he brought us back to the light of spiritual guidance, convincing those present that through darkness rises light. Most truly he said that one must suffer the depths of doubt and despair before the full realisation of God's greatest creation—the soul—can be attained.

Finally he made a statement which will interest all who followed closely the controversies which arose when the fate of Toc H L.W.H. hung in the balance. He said that no man should ever go two and a half years without conversing with a lady! A remark which the guests present appeared to endorse.

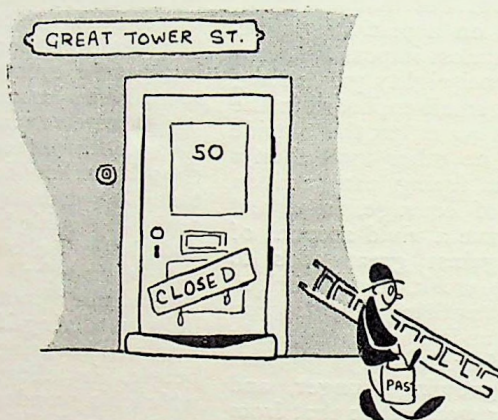
Cheltenham—their first "Binge!" Such a jolly party met at the Midland Station where the "puff-puff" was to take us to see where chocolates are made. Two of us, I know, felt as though we were playing truant, so seldom does it fall to our lot to be without husband or children, and this was the very first time the Cheltenham Branch had ever had a "binge." One of our probationers had secured a coach for us, so that soon we were comfortably seated. We passed many flooded roads and fields, in one place three houses were standing in water, looking very unhappy. I hope the water is not there still. What a delightful place Bourneville is, such healthy, happy looking people everywhere. I could have spent hours just watching the tins arranging themselves in lines and walking off to another unseen destination; and the chocolates, how delicious they looked and tasted. When my legs began to ache I asked the guide how far we had walked, and she said about three miles. Yet we had done the beautiful village and grounds in a motor coach! I could not help wondering if the spirit of the good man was hovering near those busy work-people, in those lovely surroundings which his wonderful brain and kindness has inspired. Wouldn't it be glorious if all factories could be picked out of the teeming cities and dropped down into the middle of green fields, surrounded with cottages with pretty windows and little gardens, and God's fresh air blowing care away!

Colne. Although we haven't appeared in the "Log" lately we are still making headway. Our weekly meetings are very well attended, and we find real help and fellowship there. All of us are busy with various jobs which include Guiding, Cubbing, sick visiting, sewing swabs for the local hospital, knitting for maternity

bags at the Child Welfare Centre, and helping unemployed families in time of sickness.

Wallasey. Since the last edition of the "Log" we have become a real group, and, though it may seem a paradox we are very humble in our pride as possessors of a Rushlight. We had a very happy anniversary celebration for our first birthday, when we were delighted to welcome visitors from Liverpool and Birkenhead L.W.H., and it was at this meeting that we issued the first edition of our news-sheet "The Compass." This is quite flourishing and comes out once

per month. It is quite a Wallasey L.W.H. publication so far, but we have had various articles from members of the family at home and abroad who know something about us. We are, however, hoping to extend our scope and spread the "Compass" and all it contains past Wallasey. Even now copies of this news-sheet are sent from our group to other members in Burnley, Johannesburg, Glasgow, Brighton, London, Manchester, with which groups we have some personal connection, and, of course, in return we are receiving quite a lot of their news.







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